

GRAPHIC

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Gertrude Rennyson

Francis J. Boyle

Marion Ivel

Winfred Goff

William Wegener

Arthur Deane

Joseph Sheehan

Harrison W. Bennett

Rita Newman

Kate Sherwood

Jean Lane Brooks

Principals of the Savage English Opera Company
at the Mason Next Week.

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GRAPHIC

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Matters of Moment

For Nation, Not Party

The passage, last week, by the House of Representatives, of the Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of freight rates, marks the initial step towards the still distant realization of the President's policy of reforming the traffic of inter-state railways. The vote was decisive, 326 to 17. It is notable that of the seventeen representatives voting in the negative, only six were Democrats against eleven Republicans. The California Legislature with its overwhelming Republican majority has shelved resolutions indorsing the President's railroad policy. What else can be expected of a legislature owned and controlled by a railroad? Does anyone suppose that Mr. Herrin's lieutenants will allow the Senators and Assemblymen, who answer to their beck and call, to express sympathy with a policy that is calculated to disturb the railroad's domination of the people? Loyalty to the Southern Pacific railway is of far more importance to the majority of the Legislature than loyalty either to President Roosevelt or the Republican party. The time, however, is at hand when the servants of corporations will no longer be allowed to masquerade as representatives of the people or as Republicans. President Roosevelt is preaching a very different sort of Republicanism from that agreeable to law-breaking corporations, which have used the Republican party for their own purposes. The real struggle over the President's program will come in the United States Senate, whose committee on Inter-State Commerce shows no sign of definite action. The strategy of the majority of Republican Senators is apparently to acquiesce to the President's program in word and to oppose it by deed. The most significant utterance on the subject is that of Senator Lodge, who objects to the plan that the Inter-State Commerce Commission should fix rates, and proposes instead the creation of an official court, "not to fix rates but to say when rates are excessive." Senator Lodge's idea, obviously, would be accepted readily enough by the railroads as a harmless farce. It is not believed that any measure of railroad rate legislation will be indorsed by the Senate during the present Congress.

The California Legislature in neglecting to indorse the President's policy has therefore the distinguished example of the United States Senate as an excuse for its negligence. The same influences, of course, are responsible for the blinking of the Senate and the blindness of the State Legislature. But the representatives of the people, whether at Washington or at Sacramento, sooner or later will have to come to their inevitable diet, however distasteful it may be. There can be no mistaking the tremendous vote of confidence the nation gave Theodore Roosevelt only three months ago. That vote was more the voice of confidence in the ability of Theodore Roosevelt to deal with the problems that confront the nation than a mere indorsement of a Republican administration and the Chicago platform. Collier's Weekly points out that the process that has been going on resembles the creation of a new party, and that the program of the new party is based chiefly upon the messages and private conversations of President Roosevelt, the actions of his Attorney-General, the report of his Commission of Corporations, and the inaugural addresses and messages of Governors Folk, Deneen, Douglas and La Follette. The principal planks of the new platform Collier's summarizes as follows:

1. Government regulation of railroad rates.
2. Absolutely equal treatment for all shippers; abolition of rebates, special contracts, and all other forms of exclusive privilege; subjection of private car lines to the requirements of the Inter-State Commerce law.
3. The rigid enforcement of the present laws against trusts.
4. The creation of a Federal license system for corporations doing inter-state business, in order to keep them under continuous public control.
5. The revision of the tariff by reductions in those schedules that shelter monopoly.
6. The complete emancipation of government from the control of private interests and the ruthless punishment of corruptionists, whether politicians or business men.

There is every indication that the People are with the President. If the people's representatives will not follow the President, they will prove themselves untrue to the people. Radical reform of railroad abuses is today a far more potent issue in the minds of the people than any question raised during the Presidential campaign. Instead of diminishing in importance, the railroad question is almost certain to be aggravated during the next few years. The prospect of all the Pacific railroads falling under the control of one man is not calculated to lessen the grievance of the small shipper or the burdens of the consumer. California should be in the vanguard of the forces supporting President Roosevelt's program. As a matter of fact, the people of California are heart and soul with the President, however faithless to the people and faithful to the railroad the California Legislature may prove to be.

It was not considered relevant by the investigating committee of the Legislature if Judge Torrance of San Diego County had lost \$300 in a gambling-house. Sufficient evidence had already been produced that he had lost enough elsewhere.

The Office and the Man

It should be superfluous for the **Graphic** to remark that it entertains the friendliest feelings towards Mayor McAleer, for its conviction in his sterling manhood and integrity of purpose gave his election the heartiest support.

Great opportunities and great difficulties are in Mayor McAleer's path. It is the earnest hope of all his admirers that he may prove equal to his opportunities and overcome his difficulties. Such results, however, can only be obtained by absolute singleness of purpose—for the best interests of all the people—and such singleness can only be realized by a broad-minded attitude, entirely free from personal prejudice.

Responsibilities of office either distinctly broaden or narrow a man's character. The more he divorces selfish or "political" considerations from his mental vision, the more clearly will he apprehend what is broadest and best for the interests he has been elected to serve. On the other hand, the more closely he studies "political" contingencies—the reward of supporters and the punishment of opponents—the more contracted will his vision become and the narrower will be his opportunity to serve the people.

The temptations by which the Mayor of Los Angeles is beset to establish a personal political machine are constant and importunate. Furthermore, it is a very human trait to be anxious to help those who have helped you and to remind those who have opposed you of their indiscretion.

If, however, a man elevated to the Mayoralty is ever to realize the true dignity of the position and to avail himself of its great opportunities, he must absolutely eschew all private considerations either of politics or personality and simply study what is best for the city.

Mayor McAleer has disappointed some of his disinterested friends by what they consider narrow appointments. There are those who maintain that certain of his appointments have been inspired more by personal consideration than by public welfare. The removal of Dr. Hecht from the Library Board, a position that he was admirably equipped to fill, is instanced as an example.

The more serious fear is expressed that the Mayor is being steered, so ingeniously that he may be unconscious of the hand bearing on the helm, by a force that is notoriously bent on personal aggrandizement and vindictive pursuit of its enemies. Our friendly hint to Mayor McAleer is to beware of such dictation, even when subtly or indirectly engineered. It is the more dangerous in this form, as it is a shrewd departure from former tactics of bully, bluster and bludgeon, which in the past have almost invariably proved abortive.

Mayor McAleer has repeatedly shown his manly independence on questions of policy. Where he has been convinced of the righteousness of his position, representing, as he believed, the interests of the people against most powerful odds, he has been steadfast, almost alone and unaided. The hope of his disinterested friends, who have no private axes to grind but have the welfare of the city at heart, is that he will rise superior to all personal intrigue and thus prove himself worthy of the great confidence which the people of Los Angeles have reposed in him.

Russia's Curse.

A greater enemy to Russia than the "yellow devils" who have torn down her prestige in the Orient is her own Bureaucracy. It is the Bureaucracy that rules the destinies of Russia, that has hedged the unfortunate Czar, preventing the people's approach to him, that keeps him the slave of tradition, forbidding any step towards freedom of artisan or peasant with extraordinary arrogance. That such a realm of darkness should be perpetuated under cover of the Church makes it the more damnable. The man who is more directly responsible than any others of the Bureaucratic circle is Constantine Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, in which capacity he has worked for the past twenty-five years to maintain the system of rule by terrorism.

Pobiedonostzeff has wielded absolutely unfettered power. Every priest in the country, and thousands of officials holding positions of local power, have been entirely under his thumb; and the pressure he has brought to bear has always been towards the repression of every effort at reform, education, freedom of thought, or independence of action, and the suppression of individual talent.

The male relatives of the Czar consist of thirty-three uncles, first, second and third cousins, one brother, and one great-uncle. They constitute an enormous drain on the resources of Russia, for each one of them receives from the moment of his birth till the day of his death an income of about \$500,000 a year. The present sum paid to these Grand Dukes and Princes thus amounts to over fifteen millions a year. The Grand Dukes have little need of the money, for they have contrived to accumulate immense estates all over the country. Between them they own 5,000 square miles of land, or about one-fortieth of the entire territory in European Russia.

Besides these vast estates, they possess 325 palaces and castles (roughly, ten apiece). They enjoy many legal and social privileges. They cannot be sued in a public law court, nor can they be made to give evidence in a public trial. Should a Grand Duke be persuaded to give evidence, he is not required to swear to the truth of his depositions. Is it any wonder that these aristocrats are one and all sworn to uphold the present system, or that they never give the slightest heed to proposals for reform?

As if anxious to crown its record for preposterous extravagance the Assembly last week appointed a junketing committee to visit the race-tracks of the State and "investigate." Our inquisitive representatives should have gone further and voted an appropriation of a thousand dollars or so that the junketers could have made practical "investigation" of playing the ponies. Bah!

One of the late Professor Huxley's best stories is of an Irish painter who was observed covering the side of a house with a fresh coat of green, applied at a furious rate of speed. A passer-by, noticing the workman's evident haste, inquired the cause of his hurry.

"Sure," replied the Irishman, glancing uneasily at his half-empty bucket, "oi'm trying to finish me worrk on this wall before the paint runs out."

By The Way

The President's Policy and the Coast.

The contest which is on in Washington between the President and the railways is observed with special interest by mercantile people on the Pacific Coast. There is no section of the Union where the railway rate enters more largely into the price of commodities than in the States west of the Missouri River, and almost the entire wholesale business of the coast is dependent upon the system of railway tariffs now in vogue. The far West is not a manufacturing region, and few of the commodities now in general use, perhaps not twenty-five per cent, originate in this country. The articles that fill the stores of Spring street and Broadway are for the most part made in the Middle West and on the Atlantic Coast, and the commodities sent out from San Francisco and Los Angeles to supply the needs of the people of Arizona, Nevada and the tier of States touching us on the east, have a similar origin. How does it happen that the coast cities are able to cover with the Eastern commodities the country lying between them and the region where these goods are made? The answer lies in water competition, which brings down the transcontinental rate. Few people who are unfamiliar with such matters have any idea of the excess of cost of railway over water transportation. There are many lines of commodities that may be carried from Europe to California via the Horn cheaper by fifty per cent than they can be hauled the much shorter distance from New York to the Coast. The tariff to intermediate points like Yuma and Tucson is fixed by an addition of the terminal, or water competitive rate to the Coast, plus the local back. The further we go back from the Coast, the higher the rate, in spite of the fact that the distance from the East is less, until at last we come to a region where a direct mileage rate is made out from the East, and from there on the gross rate diminishes. At the line where the terminal-plus-local rate equals the direct mileage rate from the East, the legitimate territory of the Pacific Coast wholesaler ends and that of the Eastern wholesaler begins, although, as a matter of fact, there is a wide zone of fighting area.

Interstate Commission and the Coast.

This scheme of rates, which has been appropriately named the "hump-backed," because it rises to its highest at Albuquerque and Salt Lake and then falls away to its lowest again at the Coast, seems complicated and perhaps a little unfair to the layman, but is perfectly understood and accepted by railway and commercial people all over the country and forms the basis of the very existence of the jobbing and manufacturing interest on the Coast. It has, moreover, been thoroughly gone into and frankly accepted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in spite of the long and short haul clause of the original act of Congress that gave the Commission its existence. The essence of that clause was that the railroad should not charge more for a longer haul than for a shorter, and yet that is exactly what the railroad does in the case of all points east of the Pacific Coast for a matter of four hundred miles. It was a case where the Commission found itself confronted by a condition and not a theory. To live at all, the

Coast road had to meet the water competition, and it could not therefore increase its charges to the Coast shipper. On the other hand, a reduction of the intermediate rates to the same figure, or a figure correspondingly lowered for less mileage, would plainly have worked its ruin. The Commission did not consider that its mission was to drive the railroads out of existence, but to hold them within reasonable bounds, and it therefore accepted the "hump-backed" system as it found it.

The President's Idea.

Now comes the people's own President demanding of Congress that it enlarge the powers of the Commission, allowing it to actually make rates, subject to an appeal to the courts, whereas at the present time it can merely suggest rates to the railroads. This suggestion, which was received with acclaim by the people at large, was regarded with immediate apprehension by the railroads, at times expressed openly and at times merely suggested. The sentiment among shippers is divided, and in no section is there less unanimity than on this coast, where, as we have seen, commercial and manufacturing prosperity is so largely dependent upon a peculiar set of conditions, which some shippers fear might be upset by a more radical policy of a more powerful Commission. Why a more powerful Commission should necessarily be more radical does not appear, but the disposition to "let well enough alone" shows in the utterance of several San Francisco organizations on this subject and is heard among our wholesale people in Los Angeles. The Esch-Townsend Bill, which has passed the House of Representatives, allows the Commission the power asked for it by the President and provides for a Court of Transportation with appellate jurisdiction. It also provides for an increase in the number of the Interstate Commission to seven, one or two of whom are likely to come from the Coast. The latter feature will probably be popular with our shippers and may quiet their doubts as to the wisdom of the general plan, although a lively discussion is on in Los Angeles and Main streets and at the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Association and Jobbers' Association. The orange shippers generally favor the bill, although they have not shown much activity yet in its behalf. The probabilities are that the measure will not pass the Senate this session and that opportunity will thus be given for general public discussion.

Posing in Prayer.

I think every reader of the *Graphic* will admit that its attitude towards the visiting "revivalists" has been charitable, if conservative. While personally unable to sympathize with the process by which a man suddenly absorbs religion through his emotions, I have by no means denied the power of such influences upon the lives of other men, and I have never questioned the sincerity and devotion of Dr. Wilbur J. Chapman and his colleagues. Therefore I was the more astounded when picking up a copy of last Monday's *Examiner* I saw a large picture with the caption, "Evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman Kneeling During His Revival Services While Urging Sinners to Come to Christ." My sensibilities had not been shocked by the previous posings of Dr.

Chapman and his co-workers in various attitudes of eloquence and fervor before the Examiner's camera. Many cheap politicians and some Lyceum lecturers condescend to rehearse their attitudes before the camera for advertising purposes, but the majority of men with a sense of modesty or sincerity shrink from such a process. If they are caught "on the fly" by the photographer, that is a different matter; they cannot help it. What puzzles me is the state of Dr. Chapman's mind that can allow him to pose before a camera in an attitude of prayer. I would like to think the picture was "faked," but its reality was too obvious. It is, I think, just such vagaries on the part of revivalists that disturb the confidence of thoughtful men. Of course, Dr. Chapman realizes the value of advertisement, and it is meet and right that he should employ all the free advertising he can get for the good of the cause, but is not such a "stunt" as the evangelist's prayer-photograph in danger of being considered irreligious? The impression made by the picture is that the reverend evangelist's eyes were turned not unto heaven but into the lens of the camera.

Says Bob McIntyre,
The brimstone and fire
Is yearning for Fay Mills;
Let's pray for his soul
And ask him to roll
A little less dope in his pills.

Says B. Fay Mills,
Bob's numerous ills
Have affected the dear brother's brain;
We'll offer a prayer
That he spout less hot air,
For he gives me a terrible pain.

International Complications.

Some weeks ago I expressed a fear lest the imbroglio between C. White Mortimer, British vice-consul, and Felix Zeehandelaar, secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, might lead to international complications. Revolted Mortimer was on the warpath and Zeehandelaar refused to budge. Later events, I fear, have only added fuel to the fire. It will be recalled that the secretary of the M. and M. had refused to give his O. K. to a children's charitable society of which Mr. Mortimer was president. An expert employed by the Association had examined the society's books and had discovered that no less than 70 per cent of the funds collected were expended in salaries and expenses of the management. It was for this reason that the M. and M. refused its indorsement, without casting any reflection on Mr. Mortimer or on the directors of the institution, the majority of whom seem to have been in complete ignorance of the proportion of the funds spent on the children themselves to that used in expenses and salaries. Mr. Mortimer promptly resigned from his presidency and started on the warpath after "Zee's" scalp. But the vice-consul was unable to get it, "Zee's" hair being still in as excellent order as an attentive barber can make it. Having received the reverse of satisfaction from the Merchants and Manufacturers, Mr. Mortimer laid his case before the Chamber of Commerce in a lengthy and explosive epistle. The document, I believe, was not even read at the directors' meeting, but was ordered tabled. This last affront to the vice-consular dignity caused Mr. Mortimer's resignation from the Chamber. What

the denouement of this fearful fracas may be, Heaven only knows! The vice-consul has applied all manner of opprobrious epithets to Mr. Zeehandelaar, who at one time, I am told, contemplated a libel suit. A personal encounter was feared, but as yet it has been averted. Mortimer is about twice as big as Zeehandelaar, but that fact would not have dampened the outraged "Zee's" ardor. The secretary was figuring on a march upon the British vice-consulate when his friends pointed out that he would be invading British territory, and this rash action was frowned upon. Under the protecting folds of the British ensign C. White Mortimer might not only prove pachydermatous, but might precipitate all kinds of international complications. War correspondents await anxiously the turn of affairs. Mortimer has the direst threats up his sleeve and "Zee" smiles complacently, averring that "his time will come."

Inexcusable Delay.

Something over a year ago a special committee appointed from the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association and the Municipal League made a thorough investigation into police department needs and tended a report on that subject to the Police Commission and to the Council. One feature of this report was the recommendation that the Foster system of alarm signals be adopted. There is no question whatever as to the superiority of this system over any other police signaling device that has ever been patented. By no other system can a policeman be instantly summoned from his beat, wherever he may be at the moment, and given directions from headquarters where to go and what to do. A box and light at a cost of \$5 a month are estimated by the best police authorities to be equal in results attained to the addition of another man on the force at a cost of \$100 a month. This recommendation of the commercial and civic bodies was accepted by the Police Commission and the Mayor, and commended by the press generally, whose reporters were familiar with the workings of the plan. Everything was in order for the adoption of the plan by the city, which would have helped greatly to protect the inhabitants of the outlying residence districts from burglary and

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hold-ups. At this juncture there appeared on the scene a skilled lobbyist representing a competing system of police signals, a totally inadequate and unsatisfactory affair, which by the unanimous opinion of competent police authority is not to be compared with the Foster system. Then the troubles began for the red light system and they have steadily multiplied. Any action by the Council has been postponed from week to week and month to month, until an entire year has passed. Last summer the Home Telephone people and Mr. Foster proposed to the finance committee of the Council that they should cover two areas of a quarter of a square mile, one in the Fifth Ward and one in the Third Ward, with the boxes and lights of the system, on the understanding that if it worked successfully one hundred boxes were to be installed, which would cover most of the residence section of the entire city. A thorough test was made for sixty days, to the entire satisfaction of the police authorities and the Council committee. The commercial and civic bodies again, for about the tenth time, urged the Council to fulfill its share of the compact, but the opposing lobby was too strong, the mysterious silent influence of an unknown power reached over the heads of the people and wrote "No" on their demand. Now comes a new Council and the commercial bodies are again asking that the compact be fulfilled. Thus far nothing has been done. The old tactics of delay and technicality are set up and burglaries and hold-ups continue in the half-protected residence regions. But the people are watching and waiting.

Gen. Otis Eastward Bound.

About a week hence we may expect important news from Washington, D. C., via the Times's direct wire. It is to be hoped that the heavens won't fall or that the burden may not be too heavy for the President to bear, but the fact must be narrated that Gen. Harrison Gray Otis left last Tuesday for the Capital. President Roosevelt is reconstructing his Cabinet, and if he doesn't need the General as a plank he may be grateful for his advice. In any event, I hope "Me and the President" will dine together.

Sweet maiden, turn the gas-jet down,
When you I come to see!
"The light that lies in woman's eyes"
Is light enough for me!

"First, as Usual."

There is an ordinance that forbids plain, common citizens from appropriating electric light, telephone and telegraph poles for advertisements. Just as sovereigns in despotic countries are above the law, so with us the Times, which plays the part of a Czar to the terrified members of the city government, hoists its advertisement over one of the new and beautiful electric light posts of the Broadway system, just half a block from the police station. Every day at noon a long line of policemen march out of the station down First street, and as they pass the offensive sign they look up at it and wink at one another. "Supposing that was the Boston Store now or Coulter's or the Broadway Department Store that had its sign up on the post in front of its door," they remark to one another, sotto voce, "wouldn't we hop onto 'em and drag 'em up before the police

court." But the Times is not amenable to the law, for the very simple reason that if the ordinance were carried out the unfortunate policeman that made the arrest, the chief that ordered it, and the police judge that administered the fine would risk being "driven out of business" or "driven out of town," as those who cross its path are variously threatened. But laying the city law aside as inoperative before a superior power, there still remains the law of good taste and common decency. Do these have any bearing on the case? During the campaign of 1896, when the Populist orator was told that some of his schemes were contrary to the law of supply and demand, he replied that as soon as he was elected to Congress he would get that law repealed. Possibly the Times hopes to accomplish that with regard to the laws to which we refer. Then it might place its sign and motto, "First as Usual," right over the city hall. How that motto, by the way, does suggest the quadruped that struggles to outdo others by getting all four feet in the trough.

Hervey Lindley Here.

Some seven or eight years ago the name of Hervey Lindley had almost as great significance in the politics of Southern California as that of Walter Parker has today. Hervey Lindley was the "boss" of the local "organization" and was singled out for the bitterest onslaughts of Gen. Otis and the Times. In those days, while the income of Gen. Otis and the Times was considerably less than it is today, its political influence was considerably more. Hervey, who is the brother of Dr. Walter Lindley of this city, was generally considered one of the most astute and successful of political leaders, and he would probably have continued to hold the reins of power as long as he chose had he not succumbed to personal ambition—a desire to go to Congress. He is a man of strong personal charm, magnetic and genial. He was the founder of the town of Whittier and his political influence established the state reform school there. Hervey Lindley is now one of the biggest lumbermen on the Coast and bosses his own railroad at Klamathon.

Police Board's Club.

The Police Commissioners doubtless do not realize how thoroughly they have the saloonkeepers of Los Angeles "buffaloed" for the time being. There is not a single retail liquor dealer who doesn't know and appreciate that this board is not only insisting on the observance of the letter and spirit of the law but wants a license to give to the Lankershim Hotel. The slightest technical infraction of the law in these days will work a revocation of the license, and nobody knows it better than the retail liquor dealers. They are obeying the law with a fidelity that might be copied by those merchants, for instance, who sweep their rubbish into the streets. The word to look out is "passed along the line" a deal quicker than any police order is promulgated, and no license holder knows but that he may be next.

No Drinks on Sunday.

How closely the restaurateurs are attending to the details of the law a certain local doctor whose name is not unknown in charitable circles had good reason to ascertain last Sunday. My medical friend occasionally enjoys a drink and with a friend he went

into one of the largest restaurants in the city and asked for a whiskey for himself and friend. The restaurateur and the manager were out and the shrewd waiter called the cashier, who knew the doctor very well.

"Don't we get the whiskey?" asked the doctor.

"Well, doctor, it's this way," replied the cashier. "You are a good customer, it's true, but we don't dare to violate the law. If you want whiskey I'll bring you a pint bottle, provided you buy a meal for yourself and your friend. I can't sell two drinks."

"But I don't want a pint of whiskey and I don't want to eat," persisted the doctor.

"I will cork up what whiskey you don't drink," replied the cashier, "and will keep it for you. I can't make you eat, but the meal must be bought and served."

They compromised on that basis. That particular restaurateur is not likely to forfeit a license to the Lankershim Hotel.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox."

"Is the operation necessary?"

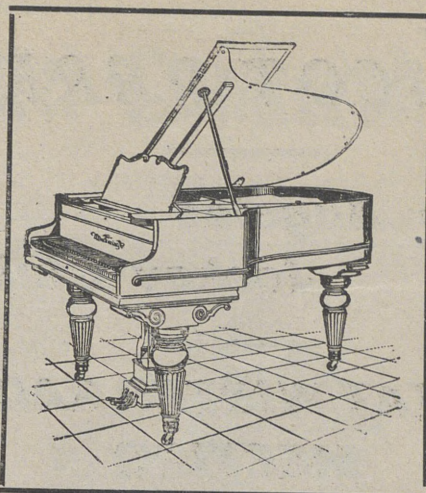
"Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

Chamber of Commerce's President.

The admirable traditions of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce were well sustained by the election of the new president, J. O. Koepfli, at the Chamber's sixteenth annual meeting. Mr. Koepfli is not only one of the leading merchants of the city, but has been prominent in all good works for civic welfare. He has only lately retired from the presidency of the Municipal League, which organization certainly made history during the last few months under his leadership. Mr. Koepfli is a man of keen energies and broad sympathies. He has traveled widely and been a studious observer of men and manners. Under President Koepfli's command and with the irresistible Frank Wiggins still behind the guns, the Chamber of Commerce, which has always led the progress and development of Los Angeles is sure to add new lustre to the brilliant pages of its history. When one considers the vast amount of work accomplished by the Chamber and its most moderate expense—its income is only about \$21,000—one realizes the economy and the efficiency with which this very important feature of our civic life is managed. The present membership is 1,700, of whom 365 were added during the last twelvemonth.

By Cable.

Of all the enterprise of modern newspapers nothing, perhaps, strikes the uninitiated reader more forcibly than the page or pages of "special cables" that help to fill up the contents of the unwieldy Sunday sheets. But even the uninitiated reader must find frequent cause to ponder at the class and character of news for which cable tolls are alleged to be paid. But, gentle reader, the term, "By Special Cable to the Clarion", is, to put it mildly, merely euphemistic. The evil of it is that it is designed



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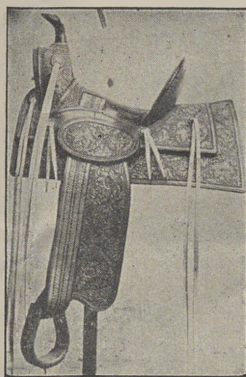
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entrance.***

J. W. BROOKS, - - Manager

to deceive the credulous and the uninitiated. Most of the alleged "news by cable" comes by a considerably slower and far less expensive process. I may be criticised for giving away a trick of the trade, but what do we say of the merchant who labels oleo-margarine butter? However, the trick becomes fairly transparent when readers are asked to believe that newspapers run on business principles pay big tolls for such ineffable rot as frequently adorns their "cable" pages. For instance, we may be told next Sunday that "Capt. the Hon. Algernon Poppycock, M. P., has earned the displeasure of King Edward, because the careless captain appeared at a court ball the other night with one side of his cavalry moustache waxed and the other en deshabille. This was a grave breach of both military and court etiquette and so offended His Majesty that after supper Edward left two buttons of his waistcoat undone instead of one which is the kingly custom, and therefore de rigueur. London society at once shocked at the grave indiscretion of Capt. Poppycock and alarmed at the King's distress of mind evidenced in the vagaries of his vest."

On the Other Side.

But English papers return the compliment by publishing rot about the United States and Americans. And be it borne in mind that this "news" on either side is considered by editors to be characteristic of the nation. Only by comparison English editors are guileless because they frequently do pay cable tolls for stuff from American correspondents which if perpetrated in print on this side of the Atlantic would be universally recognized as absurd fakes. I have taken the trouble to cull a few of these remarkable stories from English newspapers lately to hand and I am sure they will prove diverting to readers of the **Graphic**. We will start with one from our own state which is distinctly illuminating:

MONKEY PRUNE-PICKERS.

San Jose, Cal., Jan. 23.—Mr. Seeley, who owns large orchards, has bought 500 tame Panama monkeys, which he proposes to train to pick prunes. He says that when muzzled there will be no more difficulty in getting work out of them than out of ignorant emigrants.

Here is a piece of news of international importance, calculated to arouse British interest in Yankee fertility of imagination:

THE CHURCH-GOING DOG.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 24.—A dog whose death is recorded in all the newspapers of the State of Connecticut, where he was known as "Gip Williams", was for years a regular attendant at all Sunday religious services in his village church.

The ease with which divorcees are secured in the United States is illustrated by the following cable from New York:

SO SHE SAID!

New York, Jan. 22.—One of the reasons assigned in a husband's petition for divorce before the Supreme Court of New York was that his wife went to bed with her boots on. She always said she feared fire, and wanted to be ready to escape at the first alarm.

The following cable from Evansville, Ind., dated January 19 seems to show that the "Sunday supp" editors of our great and edifying yellow journals have neglected a golden opportunity. How comes it that such news is published in England and here at home we have had no "double-truck" illustrations of this tail-ful young Indianan?

BOY BORN WITH A TAIL.

The wife of an Evansville, Ind., farmer, says a Laffan message yesterday, gave birth to a boy with a tail two inches

long. The protuberance, which continues from the end of the spine, is composed of gristle. The local medical board declare the case to be a step backward toward the monkey kingdom and a partial proof of the truth of the Darwinian theory.

It would appear that English readers are particularly interested in the exploits of American dogs. Here is a "loud" story from the London Express of January 26:

Rex, the Wilkesbarre, Pa., dog, whom his master had trained to search the streets for lost coins, and who brought in an annual revenue of \$250, picked up a dollar-piece the other day. When a spectator gave chase, he swallowed the coin, which caused his death.

Can it be that the editors of the American "Sunday supps" fill in their spare moments acting as correspondents of London newspapers?

Lankershim's Dream Realized.

In the last twenty years or so Col. Lankershim has been a great traveler. There is hardly a hotel of importance in Europe or America that the Colonel has not "put up at." For some time it has been one of Lankershim's ambitions to build in Los Angeles a hotel that should bear his name and combine all the best features he has observed abroad. This week the Lankershim was formally opened and the Colonel's dream is realized. It is considerably the largest hostelry in the city, its nine stories being capable of caring for more than 500 people. It is no exaggeration to say that Col. Lankershim has succeeded in exactly carrying out his plans—which were to provide Los Angeles with a twentieth century hotel, containing every feature known to the modern science of the Boniface. The remarkable attention to detail may be evidenced by the novel contrivance of introducing electricity into the lock of each door so that the touch of the key causes a bright spark and guests can have no difficulty in locating the keyhole. The Lankershim has been built on large and liberal lines. The lobby is of generous proportions, furnished in refined taste, and opens on the right onto a commodious drawing-room. The hotel will be run on both the American and the European plan, and the management intends to make the cafe particularly attractive for dinner or after-theater supper parties. Col. Lankershim has taken the greatest interest in every detail of his hotel and after much anxiety was fortunate in securing in Manager Cooper one of the most experienced and most enterprising hotel men in the country.

In Contrast.

An article in the current number of "Out West" on the "Public Libraries of Southern California" may make every Southern Californian proud, but should also make every Angeleno ashamed. Gaze on the illustrations of Arthur Macdonald Dole's article and behold the beauties and conveniences of the A. K. Smiley Public Library at Redlands, the San Diego Public Library, and of the buildings at Pasadena, Riverside, Pomona, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, and even Santa Monica; then hie you to the second floor of the city hall of Los Angeles and sympathize with Miss Jones. But we live in hopes that this perpetual disgrace is soon to be obliterated and that in its place we are at last to have a public library building worthy of the name and worthy of Los Angeles. Mr. Dole mercifully neglects to describe the present quarters, but handsomely says of the library and its librarian:

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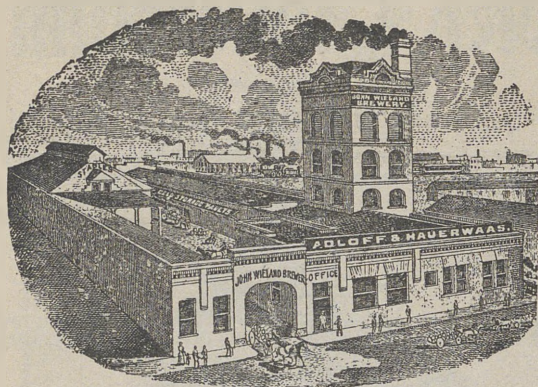
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administrative lines, under the efficient guidance of Miss Mary L. Jones, librarian. The effect of her conscientious and thorough system is readily appreciated by library patrons and, the benefit of her experience and wisdom has been freely given whenever sought by any of her co-workers in smaller libraries about Southern California. The growth of the Los Angeles public library has been little short of phenomenal, and that the institution is taking prominent standing among the leading libraries of the country was shown at the last meeting of the American Library Association at St. Louis, upon a chart prepared by the Library of Congress, for exhibition at the exposition, indicating the relative position of the twenty-two libraries in the United States having a circulation of over 300,000 volumes for the year 1903. In this record Los Angeles occupies twelfth place, being just below Cincinnati, but ahead of Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit and some other cities."

There is less room at the top than is popularly supposed. They who are there are few, but large.—Puck.

Hammel's Thoughtfulness.

In former days newspapermen have found no occasion to be grateful to the Chief of Police. Without specifying invidious instances one can recall frequent complaints of reporters that the big men instead of showing any sympathy with their work seemed to take a delight in putting obstacles in their way. Chief Hammel is earning a very different reputation. Whenever possible he gives the newspaperman a helping hand and by no means "buries" news for the sake of appearing mysteriously wise. Naturally, his courtesy is thoroughly appreciated, and it not infrequently happens that newsgatherers have an opportunity to reciprocate. As an instance of Chief Hammel's consideration I am told that the other night, after he had succeeded in capturing Owen Kelly, the Philadelphia fugitive, and naturally had many other things to think about, he took the trouble to telephone a correspondent of an Eastern newspaper and give him the news. In the annals of the Los Angeles police such an action is so unprecedented that it is well worthy of record.

Angeleno at Rome.

The following letter has been received from Ernest K. Foster from Rome. Mr. Foster is well known here, being a former trustee of the Library Board, and his wife is a prominent member of the Friday Morning Club. Mr. Foster writes to Mr. Joseph Scott in part as follows:

"Rome, January 19, 1905.

"My Dear Scott:

"Your letter to Cardinal del Val has been of great value. I went over to the Vatican a few days ago and saw your old friend in his beautiful apartments—the famous "Borgia Suite." And what a glorious place, decorated by the great artist Penturocchio about 1500 for Alexander VI; they are today the most wonderful in all Europe. The Cardinal received me most cordially and, seated by my side, asked me many questions about you * * * * and I received a cordial invitation to return to the Cardinal's apartments at any time. He is a fine looking man, keen, intelligent and cultured, in every way suited to fill the important position he holds. Yesterday a messenger from the Vatican brought me

the Cardinal's card, enclosed with an invitation to an audience with the Pope at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and at that time Mrs. Foster and myself, in black and white attire, drove up to the great old Piazza of San Pietro, and passed many little groups of Swiss guards, and up the beautiful marble stairway into the audience rooms. The Pope passed into the room, dressed in white, with white cap and red shoes, we all kneeling before him. His appearance is almost saintly, his face is kindly but almost sad. He looks so fatherly and has not a harsh line in his face. There were about thirty persons in the room, and as we kneeled he passed from one to the other, holding out his hand, on which was the Papal ring for the kiss. Before leaving the room he gave us his benediction. As he passed out of the room I felt that there was much truth in the rumor that he is failing, for he looks much older than his pictures of two years ago. * * * * *

"Rome is a wonderful city, so modern in part and again so very, very old. On our trip here we have visited all the great cathedrals and have seen the beautiful old pictures of the early time, when the religious rather than the spirit of gain dominated the artists. As Cardinal del Val said to me, the grand old Catholic Church has been the inspiration of great ones in painting and sculpture."

Farewell to Flint.

Tomorrow (Saturday) evening Senator-elect Flint will be the guest of honor at yet another banquet. The Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars will feast their fellow-member at the Angelus, only members of the two societies being permitted to attend the banquet. The arrangements are in the hands of Charles S. Walton, secretary, and Holdridge O. Collins. The latter has a genius for devising elegant and unique menus. I do not mean what is on the bill of fare, but the bill of fare itself. Senator Flint leaves for Washington next Thursday, but he has to submit to more banquets before his departure.

Ducks Too Small.

Have you met Jeremiah Lynch and Enrique Grau? Mr. Grau is the consul-general of Peru at San Francisco, and Mr. Lynch is the Admirable Crichton of California. Jere Lynch is known at North Cape, at Capetown, in Samar and Bokhara, and when he gets to any place the glad hand is out to him. All because he has wit and a brain above the dollar, though he has those latter in plenty. I met him in the Van Nuys lobby as he came from a California Club dinner. His face was rosy, and he attributed it to the Santa Ana which had been blowing. "Perhaps a good dinner has had something to do with your complexion, Mr. Lynch," I ventured. "I've had one, that's true," he replied, "but," and this with a sigh, "the ducks here in the South are very small."

Less Meat Diet.

"How am I to get along without meat?" writes a busy friend of mine, who seems to have been impressed by an editorial in last week's **Graphic** on Menus and Morals. "I need it in my business, I'm sure. I don't usually eat meat in the middle of the day, but I want my steak or chop at breakfast, and by the end of a long day I feel I have earned a

J. J. LONERGAN

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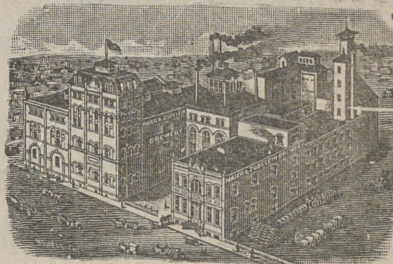
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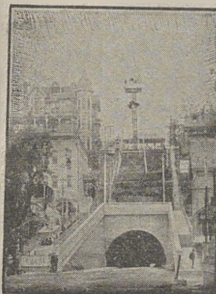
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square meal. Supposing I 'cut it out,' what do you recommend instead?" I would rather refer my correspondent to Harry Brook, the editor of the "Care of the Body," which many people, outside of physicians, consider at once the most instructive and the most humorous department in the Sunday Times, for I do not profess to be an authority on either hygiene or diet. While I am quite convinced that most of us eat far too much meat, yet I believe profoundly in the wisdom of the adage which declares that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. However, I have looked up an authority who prescribes as an ideal menu for a busy brain-worker the following:

Breakfast: Two or three eggs, dry toast, one cup of cocoa, whole-meal bread, any fresh fruit.

Lunch: Fish, potatoes, whole-meal bread and butter, one glass of beer or claret.

Dinner: Clear soup, fish, joint alternated with poultry, one glass of beer or claret.

"Public Records."

My attention has been drawn to the absurdity of most of our "Public Records" of the day. A few years ago real estate transfers, at all events the majority of them, were recorded accurately and without guile. Now, however, when B buys a piece of property from A, he is anxious that the price is kept secret, because he hopes to sell to C and it is important that C should not know how much B has made on the bargain. I believe this to be a thoroughly reprehensible practice and that it cannot be favored by the really reliable agents. Time was when we had a very fair idea of the amount, in money, of the real estate that was changing hands each month. Nowadays A sells to B a choice corner lot for \$75,000, and the consideration recorded is \$10. My correspondent also complains of the absurdity of many of the incorporations that are formed almost daily. A new incorporation appears in the world of finance or commerce which, according to the court records published by the daily newspapers, has an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, of which \$5 or \$500 is paid in. He advocates a law such as I believe obtains in Pennsylvania, which is calculated to prevent such "frenzied finance."

A sweet little maiden named Mamie
Once started to say: "Now I lamie—"
But she slept tight and fast
Ere she got to the last;
But her wee prayer was heard just the samie.

Pacific Electric Entertains.

A bunch of radiant newspaper men, representing the Graphic and the daily press, responded to the invitation of Joseph McMillan and Harry Kneedler, of the Pacific Electric Railway, to take an outing over portions of their road and a Spanish dinner at North Glendale, on Sunday last, and enjoyed themselves from start to finish. The dinner was served at the old hundred-year-old Verdugo ranch house and was as replete in excellent Mexican viands as were the landscape environments redolent of fragrance from flowers and golden fruit. The menu consisted of sopa de albondigas, ensalada de Chile, and verde yp tomatoes, Chile con carne, tamales, enchiladas, Chiles relenos, frijoles, tortillas huevos a la rancheros, cafe negro, puros Mexicanos, cigaritos de oja maiz, and an abundance of red wine and champagne. There was Mexican music during the dinner, which lasted three hours, and dancing at intervals by two pretty native California children—a boy and girl—picturesquely attired. Short impromptu speeches were made by Mr. McMillan and others, and then the bunch were taken to Long Beach and Alamitos and brought home about dark. It was a very happy crowd.

The Casino's Fate.

"My dear, beware of the Casino which is spelled with one s," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to a favorite niece years ago. The same advice would seem to apply to theatrical managers and the Casino on Spring street. Manager Alisky has had the house dark this week. Managers Wyatt and Morosco are embroiled with the owners of the building. Managers from San Francisco are trying to get the place. Verily, poor Jake Waldeck left a heritage of unrest to the profession when he wandered into the next. There is a story of tragic import, and of man's inhumanity to man back of the history of the Casino—a

story that will never probably be written, for what's the use? Theatrical people seem to prefer to fight each other to death than to boost each other into prosperity.

Tom Garrett's Latest.

The life of a San Francisco publisher, if he has the courage of his convictions, is not a happy one. At least, the joy that he may gain from the pursuit of the unrighteous on paper is balanced by the pain inflicted by the unrighteous on his person. There is hardly a publisher in San Francisco—except M. H. De Young, who spends most of his time in Europe—who has not been lately assaulted by thugs. Last Tuesday night Thomas Garrett, of the Evening Post, was subjected to another brutal assault, this time at the hands of Eddie Graney, prize-fight referee and horseshoer. The only account of the affair that I have as yet seen in print is in a paper that is notoriously unfriendly to Garrett. Nobody who knows Garrett will for a moment credit that report, which declares that the newspaperman not only permitted the grossest indignities from Graney, but then tried to make his peace with the prize-ring bully. The most shameful feature of the incident, as narrated by his newspaper enemy, is that Garrett's repeated appeals to officers of the law who stood by were ignored. No wonder that San Francisco continues to earn the infamy of being one of the most lawless cities on earth. Lawbreakers and evildoers have tried to stop Garrett's mouth by various methods—by the vilest libels that ever polluted a printing press and by dastardly assaults; they will only discover that such actions whet the publisher's ardor to expose them the more thoroughly.

Frank Griffith's Gold Brick.

I think it was Douglas Jerrold who won a wager by standing on the Strand and offering gold sovereigns for a shilling apiece. Frank Griffith, the well-known young mining man and golfer, who spends his vacations and some of his bullion here, came to the city last week and brought a gold brick with him. On the train while in the smoking-room Griffith became engaged in conversation about mines and ore and mentioned that he had a mine in Mexico. One of the travelers asked him for a specimen of his ore. "I don't happen to have any with me," replied Griffith, "but I have a gold brick from my mine with me," and he produced the square of bullion. There was an immediate stampede from the compartment and all the remainder of the journey Mr. Griffith was sent to Coventry by his suspicious fellow travelers. He did not offer to sell the brick; he could not have gotten four bits for it if he had. He was not asked to make up a set at bridge on the car, and he has a suspicion that the men he had been talking to carried their pocketbooks in their shoes until after they got safely away from him.

Earl Rogers's Persuasive Way.

Earl Rogers has a persuasive manner with him before a jury. He recently had this manner to the extreme when he was confronted by a motor car at the turn into Chester Place while he was driving a spirited horse. The chauffeur turned on the wrong side of the way, blocking Earl's horse, which plunged and cavorted in a way that kept him busy for a time. Meanwhile, the chauffeur stopped his machine and

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waited. When Earl had quieted his horse he sang out to the man in the machine, "What are you waiting for, why don't you turn out?" "I'm waiting for you to turn out yourself," was the reply. "I guess I can take the right of way, for my machine weighs more than your horse and buggy." Earl whipped out a big six-shooter and roared back, "Your dodgasted machine doesn't weigh as much as this gun, and if you don't turn out of my way in five seconds I'll fill your boiler full of holes. Now, git!" The chauffeur gave one look at the muzzle of the gun and took in the stern eyes above it, grabbed his lever and scooted out as fast as gasoline and good intentions could make the wheels revolve.

Golfers Gathering.

The golfers are gathering for the big tournament that starts next Wednesday for the championship of Southern California. The links are in the best condition in their history, the bountiful rains having given the course a plentiful carpet of grass. The veteran, Walter Fairbanks, who has twice won the championship but who last year fell in the finals before the youthful Chicagoan, Alden B. Swift, arrived from Denver this week, and has less than a week to get into form. Local players are sanguine this year that the blue ribbon of the game may be captured by a resident member of the Country Club. It is hoped that William Frederickson, who has been playing the strongest game of any local man this winter, may be able to find time from his duties as city prosecuting attorney to compete on the links. If he keeps up his game—and his nerve—he should be able to keep the S. C. G. A.'s handsome trophy on the Country Club's mantelpiece for the next year.

Polo to Be Popular.

Under the sheltering wing of the Country Club the polo players should find opportunities that they have never enjoyed in Los Angeles before. All the members of the former polo club have now joined the Country Club, and special arrangements are being made for their accommodation. Polo is the fastest game in the world, and with good ponies and good players there is no game that can excite more enthusiasm among spectators. In the Weiss brothers Los Angeles has the nucleus of a strong team, that some day may prove fashionable enough to tackle the famous exponents of the game at Burlingame. Among other keen followers of the game here are "Dick" Bundrem and B. N. Smith, Jr. The addition of polo to the sports of the Country Club is certain to provide yet another great attraction to that already most attractive institution.

Ream's Vade Mecum.

One of the veteran newspapermen of Los Angeles, W. R. Ream, who is, I believe, financial editor of the Express, compiled certain data concerning the local banks for his own convenience in reference. It gradually grew into a complete directory of the banks and bankers of Los Angeles, and some of Mr. Ream's financial friends persuaded him that it contained so much valuable information constantly needed at hand that it should be published. Mr. Ream has acted on the suggestion and a "Bank Directory of Los Angeles" has just been issued from the press of George Rice & Sons. "It is," in the words of the

author, "the first Bankers' Guide that has undertaken to tell 'Who is Who' as well as 'What is What.'" Ream's Vade Mecum should have a ready sale with bankers and business men.

The Bishop and the Ladies.

If Bishop Conaty, writes my club correspondent, is able to hold an audience of men with his convincing oratory, he is none the less at home when addressing a club of women, upon such themes as women usually delight to study. He illustrated this ability as he spoke before the Ruskin Art Club at its meeting last Wednesday. It was an event of unusual importance to the club, and even though the rain was coming steadily down outside, the club room was filled with women eager to hear the eminent Catholic prelate. He told his audience about symbols of the church doctrine, and incidentally repeated the story of St. Vibiana, from whom the Los Angeles Cathedral takes its name. Count Bozenta and Madame Modjeska came out to hear the Bishop, and were received as honored guests of the club. By the way, Bishop Conaty announces that he will make a trip to Rome before the close of the present year. He will go to interview the Pope on important matters, and to gain knowledge for the advancement of the diocese over which he has been placed.

For the Brownson Settlement.

A reception and dance is to be given next week for the benefit of the Brownson House settlement work in Los Angeles. Washington's birthday has been decided upon as the date, and the affair will take place at Kramer's. I see the committee in charge is doing valiant service by way of preparation and not only will that reception be arranged for the benefit of charity, but it will be made a social triumph as well. G. Allen Hancock, Arthur Mullen, J. E. Hannon, Carroll J. Daly, Angus R. Lindley, R. J. Dillon, Walter Keyes, J. D. Burns and Dr. E. T. Dillon form the committee, while the patronesses are Mmes. W. H. Workman, E. Kerekhoff, Andrew Mullen, M. Schilling, Mary Reardon, C. L. Whipple, P. G. Cotter, J. C. Kays, M. T. Doran, John Kenealy, R. Dillon and J. Larronde. The Brownson Home represents a deserving work, in which many Catholic women of prominence are deeply interested, and there is no doubt that the re-

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sponse to efforts made by them for the success of the forthcoming entertainment will be met by a ready response.

In Harmony.

That common courtesy has mighty power to allay the fever of discord there can be no question, and it seems that the Women's Lyric club has learned something of its efficacy along this line. At any rate, when invitations for the concert given Wednesday evening were sent out the Treble Clef Club was not forgotten. It was a pretty thought that prompted the sending of invitations to women who a few weeks ago were arrayed in polite war against those who now form the Lyric, and the effect of the peace overture, it is hoped, will be to heal many wounds. "Who could resist a kindness like that?" asked a Treble Clef adherent upon receiving her invitation, and then she added, "After all, there are some really sweet women in the new club, don't you think so?" It is whispered now that the attempt to bring about a better feeling may finally result in the merging of the two clubs, but of this I have my doubts. There may be room for them both, and as they stand at present the members of each are able to work more harmoniously than they could in connection with those of the other organization. Even, however, should the two clubs continue to exist as distinctive bodies, there seems no reason why they should not be on friendly terms, peacefully striving for the advance of musical interests in the city.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't need to talk."

"Doesn't need to talk?"

"No; all the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything there is in the house that's worth having."

"Angel of the Prison."

Living for a vast army of social outcasts, and yet welcomed by the foremost of the land, Mrs. Ballington Booth, who arrived in Los Angeles this week, is an interesting character, whom the people of this city welcome more gladly, if possible, with each succeeding visit. Mrs. Booth is a woman of culture, and her personal appearance would never suggest to the casual observer that her life is devoted to work which keeps her most of the time behind prison bars. It is probably the innate refinement and womanliness of her nature that appeals to the better instincts of the desperate men who have given her the name, "Angel of the Prison." At any rate, she has found her way to the hearts of nearly 84,000 convicts in American penitentiaries in the last eight of nine years, and has accomplished a great work of reformation among them. Mrs. Booth is all charitable for the unfortunates of the states prisons; however, she evidently reserves a little adverse criticism for a few persons outside, a fact of which I became aware when the Salvation Army and its magnificent work among the poor, improvident and misguided ones was mentioned in her presence. Mrs. Booth is a charming little woman, with the softest brown eyes in the world, but they took on a hard expression, her lips tightened, and she replied: "We have taken up many lines of work which the Army never ventured to touch." That was all, but it helped one to remember that Ballington Booth is not yet reconciled to his father, General William Booth, whose command that his son should return

to England was responsible for the formation of the American Volunteers, from among the members of the Salvation Army. This separation of the Booth family is the one bitter spot in the hearts of the Ballington Booths, and there is no doubt General Booth feels the situation keenly, although when he was in Los Angeles last he gave assurance that he had no unkind feeling towards the Volunteers nor their leaders, and intimated his willingness to receive his son back into the Army, in case the latter wanted to come.

More Power to Her Elbow.

Whatever may be the family discord, however, there is no doubt that the prison work of Mrs. Ballington Booth is a great factor in the uplift of humanity in America, and it is probable that she never would have adopted this as her life occupation had she remained under direction of the Army, for it was with the organization of the Volunteers that she began her prison mission. Just now she is bringing upon her head the censure of the labor unions by a protest against their stand regarding convict labor. Mrs. Booth has seen, she says, the great necessity for constant employment among the convicts. Outside the penitentiaries the need for employment is recognized by all sensible men, but within the prison walls men are left idle much of the time because, owing to the constant fight of the unions against it, regular industrial conditions are not established in the penitentiaries. There are two sides to the question, perhaps, admits Mrs. Booth, but it is an evidence of shortsightedness, she declares, to let 84,000 desperate men grow more desperate, and in many cases insane, from idleness and brooding. The discharged prisoners would be much less a menace to society, she argues, if they came out of prison accustomed by habit to work and trained to more skill in labor than when they were sentenced. Whatever view the public may take of the situation, there is no doubt Mrs. Booth is preparing for a contest along these lines with the labor unions, and the close clenching of her little fist as she touches upon the matter argues that the will of a strong woman with a cause is behind the mere expression of sentiments.

M. and M's. Stand.

I have heard an interesting story in connection with the present revival campaign in Los Angeles, and has, so far as I can see, little to do with spiritual growth. When it was decided by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association not to concede to the revival committee's request for the closing of stores last Tuesday, there appeared in all the daily papers, a courteously worded letter, signed by Secretary Zeehandelaar, and stating the sense of the meeting. It was also announced that many of the merchants were willing to let their employes attend the evangelistic services on that particular day, if the employes wished to do so. There is no doubt in the minds of unbiased thinkers that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association had a perfect right to handle the matter according to their own judgment and wishes, and I believe a large majority of the Christian people in Los Angeles looked at the situation in this light. It seems, at the same time, that a few saw matters from a different standpoint, and that is why I have a story to tell. It is told on good

authority, and there is no doubt of the fact, although the matter has been carefully suppressed. In a committee meeting, where a number of ministers and laymen were gathered together to consult about the action of the M. and M. Association, one man, it is said, expressed his unqualified disapproval, and proposed that the merchants who had refused to close, should be boycotted by the church element of Los Angeles. I am glad to relate in this connection, that others at the meeting were not slow in vetoing any action looking to such an attempt, and I have heard that certain of the ministers were much annoyed by the circumstance, but the would-be boycotter has a small following, nevertheless.

Reception Friendly.

Los Angeles has looked with much friendliness upon the revival campaign, and the evangelists practically have had the town at their command; a recent request by the ministers was honored by the city council; the daily press has given a large amount of space to reports of their meetings, and even persons differing from the emotional view of religion which they advocate, have wished the movement God-speed. In view of these facts, it might be well to consider that there are many and varied shades of religious belief in Los Angeles, and that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is made up of men, not all of whom represent the creeds now engaged in the revival campaign. If they choose to extend a courtesy to the evangelists, very well; if their business interests forbid the granting of the request made, the situation should be accepted, and without unpleasant feeling on either side. The church, or group of churches, in which the flower of religious toleration does not flourish, is the best soil in the world wherein to plant and cultivate it.

For the Crowd.

The leisure classes crowd the downtown streets of Los Angeles and roam aimlessly about basking in the sunshine and looking for something that will amuse. The most trivial thing will draw a crowd. The sidewalk committee we have always with us. The tourist cannot forever be "Seeing Los Angeles" from the fleeting vantage point of an observation car; the kite-shaped track and the wafting waves of the sea afford but temporary surcease; and so he passes up and down the main-travelled roads, seeking whatsoever he may rubber at. Wherefore the shrewd shopkeeper, the cunning grafter, and the hardworking street merchant and the helpless beggar get wise unto their day and generation.

A laundry wagon horse balked and blocked the sidewalk for perhaps two minutes at Third and

Spring streets last Monday. In that length of time five hundred people had stopped and were waiting for that horse to move, and the air of enjoyable diversion was plainly visible on their faces. The machine for making candy "chews," the even more remarkable contrivance for making "cotton" candy, the gaily-decked clown with his ball of mystery, even the blind man dispensing the word of God from his raised-letter Bible, usually has a large and interested audience. It is not that the Scriptural reading is rarely heard, or that raised-letter Bibles constitute a novelty; it is simply that the crowd has nothing better to do. It is not strange under such conditions that female barber shops, so-called, have flourished like the green bay tree of old; but the out-door gunning for amusement is cheaper and less risky. And when the innumerable flower vendors, and the hoarse young men who traffic in "Yer home paper" are mixed in with the moving multitude, why Los Angeles has become almost as provincial as—say New York.

Mr. F. G. Schumacher wishes to announce to his former patrons and friends that after an absence of six months, during which time he has visited all of the principal Eastern studios, he has reopened his studio at the old stand, 107 North Spring street, where, as heretofore, this studio will continue to execute the highest grade of photographic portraiture.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Perseus Oil Company. Location of principal place of business, Los Angeles, California; location of works, Kern River Oil Fields, Kern County, California. NOTICE.—There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 13th day of December, 1904, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amt.
Langworthy, Mrs. J. D.	184	2,000	\$ 100.00
Bade, Minna.	23	600	50.00
Brooks, B. A.	61	2,000	100.00
Carter, E. F. P.	36	100	5.00
Davidson, Julia or E. C.	140	100	5.00
Dudley, Matilda	173	20,000	1,000.00
Hoy, J. E.	175	24,000	1,200.00
Hoy, Caroline L.	15	8,000	400.00
Hoy, Caroline L.	174	1,000	50.00
Halstead, Kate A.	38	100	5.00
Henrickson, S. L.	139	195	9.75
Johnston, A.	20	1,000	50.00
Jones, Emma	30	20	1.00
Loughery, W. B.	120	100	5.00
Langworthy, E. S.	122	3,000	150.00
Langworthy, E. S.	151	10,000	500.00
Meys, A. E.	41	100	5.00
Newby, R. B.	19	1,000	50.00
New, A. L.	177	1,000	50.00
Porter, F. R.	27	200	10.00
Plummer, R.	31	500	25.00
Plummer, R.	32	500	25.00
Pedley, W. E.	37	1,000	50.00
Terpenning, G. D.	114	100	5.00
Waring, G. L.	101	1,700	85.00
"	159	1,000	50.00
"	160	1,000	50.00
"	161	1,000	50.00
"	162	1,000	50.00
"	163	1,000	50.00
"	164	250	12.50
"	165	1,000	50.00
"	166	1,000	50.00
"	167	1,000	50.00
"	168	500	25.00
"	169	500	25.00
"	170	500	25.00
"	171	500	25.00
"	172	250	12.50
Walker, I.	58	400	20.00
Morgau, Elsie M.	4	100	5.00

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing by and between George Whitehead and F. P. Ebinger as blacksmiths, at 650 San Pedro street, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, under the firm name of Whitehead & Ebinger, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent of the said partners, said F. P. Ebinger continuing said business at said location, and he is authorized to collect all accounts due said co-partnership and will pay all indebtedness against the same.

Dated this 6th day of February, 1905.

F. P. EBINGER,
GEO. WHITEHEAD.

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 13th day of December, 1904, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, No. 406 Lankershim Building, corner Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of March, 1905, at Ten o'clock A. M. of such day, to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of same.

G. L. WARING, Secretary.
Office Room 406 Lankershim Bldg., corner of Third and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, California.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Do you remember the old song about the youth of the world, the swandom of geese, young blood and every dog having his day? I thought of it this morning, St. Valentine's day, when I was in town. Doesn't it make one realize the more the mounting up of years to see the small boy and girl, the giggling high school miss and the dapper queener, all bent on the purchase of love-lorn odes for their bestest girls? Do you have fun watching your kidlets purchase their valentines? After much and prolonged meditation my seven-year-old refused to buy a "ten-center" because it portrayed a groom leading his bride to the altar. "I don't want to get married right away," and this small lord of creation to the pretty saleslady, "and then it would be a lie!" So nice and truthful! I wonder why our legislators don't listen sometimes to the voice of the small boy. But, anyhow, we are not out buying paper valentines with sticky angels and tissue-papered cupids that "shut up," are we? We are after the sterner realities of life, "the goods," and I want to tell you, my dear girl, that never before have we had a better chance to see what was really doing in the way of soft, clingy femininities than we have right now.

If you arrive, for instance, at the Boston Store, and find yourself at the silk counter, you may give yourself up for lost, for you won't come away happy without one of their new crepe Messalines, all beflowered as if by an artist's brush, and in the softest, tenderest designs. One I saw in this shimmering, white silk crepe was smothered with foliage in browns and yellows, and spotted evenly with satin moons and half moons. Just the loveliest thing ever! Made over silk, it would be simply dangerous. The Boston Store people have a lovely display of new reception and evening silks, crepes and printed warps. From the way the smart people are "rushing" lately I should imagine there is a very ready market for them.

But, truly, as regards the new materials for dresses their name is legion, though for the coming season silks, soft, shimmering changeable silks, predominate. At the Ville de Paris, "the home of silken im-

portations," you can see some charming "bits," as the artists would say. The craze just now seems to be for these changeable Messalines, in all shades, one side in lighter contrast to the other and capable of forming an effective trimming by itself. The Ville is showing also a new old-fashioned silken material, known as "Pompadour," a most effective and swagger silk, for which one would expect to be asked four or five dollars a yard, but it is priced like all the new effects, at only one dollar and a quarter! I saw a lovely green and silver soft Messaline silk there that I am simply pining for. I wish someone would feel moved to give me a valentine of about twenty yards or so, and wouldn't I make speedy tracks for a dressmaker with my prize!

By the way, my dear, talking of dressmakers, I must tell you of one I have just discovered who is a real artist and has most beautiful taste in her gowns. This talented lady, Mrs. Worsham, has a delightful establishment out Pico Heights way. Number 1330 Iowa street is the correct address, and well worth remembering. Mrs. Worsham is exclusive, catering only to the tastes of refined people, and takes a real joy in her artistic creations. One nice point about this cultured lady is that she insists upon patronizing the stores in our own home city. She doesn't (like that other swell dressmaker, whose airs are only equalled by her prices) pretend that every last bit of lace or scrap of silk she uses is directly imported from Paris. No, indeed! Mrs. Worsham finds that the Boston, the Ville, Blackstone's and Coulter's are plenty good enough for her, or any of her customers, and therein she shows her wisdom, for though I have traveled far, and lived long (alas!), I must confess I have never traded in better dry goods stores in my life than we have right here in Los Angeles. It is something new to find a dressmaker who studies the individuality of her patron, is it not? Mrs. Worsham has courage enough to leave the beaten track and does not blindly follow the fashion and nothing else in her costuming. She takes a keen pleasure in turning out original gowns suited in every detail to the form of the wearer. And, really, some of her own hand embroidery and decorating is most artistic and well worth seeing. I expect she will be the latest fad just as soon as the best-dressed women know about her establishment.

You ought to see the tourists going simply wild this week over the lovely stock of new laces at Coulter's! I don't think any store in town ever can beat Coulter's for lace. They have a choice just now of some of the loveliest pieces in sets with

Showing of Silk Suits



These exclusive effects in Silk Suits are shown in numbers and original designs not equalled by other houses.

An unsurpassed collection of the best creations of the foremost costumers of the day : : : :

PRICES FROM \$37.50
UPWARDS

Coulter Dry Goods Co.,

317-325 S. Broadway

**Ye
Print
Shop**



Wedding Invitations and Announcements

that BEAR the MARK of INDIVIDUALITY and DISTINCTION; FORMS CORRECT and ELEGANT in EVERY PARTICULAR, and PRICES HIGHLY SATISFACTORY : : : :

OUR LONG EXPERIENCE
is at YOUR SERVICE : : : :

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,

Next Door North of Coulter's
315 South Broadway

RELIABLE GOODS

POPULAR PRICES

N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.TELEPHONES:
Home 259
Main 259**DRY GOODS** SPRING and THIRD STREETS**Suit Styles for Spring 1905**

The new styles for Spring wear are now being opened and they are such that will appeal to every woman in town. Looked at from the economic, or the artistic view point, they are bound to command attention. None too early, either, to choose the Spring outfit - - - - -

Taffeta Shirt Waist Suits

In browns, blues, greens and black; soft Chiffon Taffeta that will wear. Plain or changeable, or little hair-line stripes - - - - -

\$18.00 \$25.00 \$30.00 \$35.00 and \$37.50**WOOL JACKET SUITS**

Black, browns, blues and greens in plain colors and fancy broken plaids and fine mixtures. Panama cloths, fancy woven serges and mixed worsteds. Peplum jackets; leg-o'-mutton sleeves; multi-plaited skirts; taffeta or braid trimmings - - - - -

\$22.50 \$25.00 \$27.50 and \$30.00

edgings and insertions to match. They come at reasonable prices and are simply dreams! The most fashionable "leader" seems to be the bell pattern, a sort of lily of the valley effect on a fine net-ground, each little bell raised up and free from the net. I saw a very fine and large New York lady simply buying up yards and yards of an ecru lace, shivering with these dainty bells, and I tried hard not to envy her the prospective summer gown. You would look a poem, my dear, in one of these lacey creations.

One thing one notices about our Eastern visitors, and which might teach some of our over-dressed home productions a useful lesson, is that the very nicest of them prefer wearing—on the streets anyway—these severe, but stylish, tailor-made hats. Matheson & Berner in their smart store at the corner of Third and Broadway are the exclusive dealers in these smart Phipps hats. They are the absolutely correct thing for the automobile lady, the swell persons who "go out to kill and return to pay." No shoddy persons care for Phipps hats; consequently they have a position on society's head peculiarly their own. And the same thing applies, don't you think, to those up-to-date "Forsythe" waists. Matheson & Berner, who only carry the very smartest and latest things, are showing a line of these waists that are most charming and would make the stumpiest figure look graceful. The "Forsythe" is to my mind the best cut and most stylish of all the many of the latter day shirt waists, and where would poor mortal woman be without a stock of these useful garments?

Once more I see this bountiful rain coming up and the real thing in umbrellas colliding with me on the street. I suppose it is horribly unpatriotic, but aren't you getting a trifle weary of the weather, that we are assured means so many millions to us?

LUCILLE.

Figueroa street, February the Fourteenth.

Over The Teacups

If one is to trust what grown-up folk have to say about it—at any time save in February—St. Valentine went out of business, except so far as the children are concerned, years ago. Nevertheless, when February 14 draws near there are always a lot of hostesses who see in the approaching holiday possibilities for such entertaining as no other day in the year affords, and the year when Valentine parties of every description were not in vogue is not within the recollection of the social chronicler.

For instance, I hear somebody say, could there have been a more appropriate occasion to entertain for Miss Lila Fairchild and John Mott, the most popular engaged couple in town? Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne, who gave the most brilliant dancing party of the week Tuesday evening, thought not. This party, you know, was at Kramer's, and was in compliment to Miss Fairchild and Mr. Mott. Of course, there were hearts in the decorations, and cupids watched the scene from banks of flowers. The assemblage of guests was large and representative, and those who received with the hosts and hostesses were Mrs. John Fairchild, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. J. H. F. Peck, Mrs. Charles Prager, Mrs. C. E. Anthony, Mrs. David Murray, of Salt Lake, and Miss Alma Jevne, of Chicago.

Still Miss Fairchild and Mr. Mott are absorbing the attention of their particular set, and the dinner given by the latter's friends at the Angelus tonight is to be a jovial affair. The wedding next week will be the event of the season, and genuine good wishes will follow Mr. Mott and his bride on their wedding trip. Among recent events given in their honor was a dancing party at the Country Club last Saturday evening, when Major and Mrs. John Norton had invited half a hundred guests to meet them.

Mrs. Frederick W. Braun was one of the week's

Good Shoes

Aren't as common as some people think..... Perhaps you haven't been getting shoes of the highest merit. Try really good shoes. Try INNES SHOES.....

**Innes Shoe Co.****258 S. Broadway 231 W. Third**

entertainers, having asked a few friends to lunch with her at her Chester Place home and feet Mrs. L. N. Brunswick, who recently returned from abroad. Mrs. Braun has done little entertaining since coming back from the East, but I hear that she will perhaps be hostess at several affairs before the spring is over. The latter part of the winter Mrs. Braun has been kept much at home by the illness of her mother, who was brought to the Braun home in order to be with her daughter. Women of such perfect social poise as that possessed by Mrs. Braun often suffer the criticism that they neglect their home duties, in order that they may devote more time to the butterfly life, but those who know Mrs. Braun know also that she is devoted to her family, and this is in part the reason why she has less leisure for society than society wishes she had.

I notice some of the society reporters are mixing E. Avery McCarthy and J. Harvey McCarthy. I don't think either of them will like it, and I don't blame them, because they are so different.

Society has had more than one thrust calculated to make its devotees wince since the present revival campaign opened in Los Angeles, but Dr. Stough, the energetic evangelist who undertook a wholesale denunciation of dancing, theatergoing, card-playing, etc., carried off the honors as a herald of dire punishment for those who indulge. It is an easy matter to "say things" when one is traveling about the country and has no idea of loitering in a place after his words are cold, but I hear certain members of the Episcopal churches are not sorry they refrained from joining the revival movement, since practices of their own parishioners have met with such volleys of censure. One should not go inside a theater, Mr. Stough thinks, unless it is to hear grand opera, and the society card game, together with dancing, should be shunned as devices of the individual with horns. At any rate, if we do keep on dancing and playing cards, we know what the Rev. Stough thinks about it.

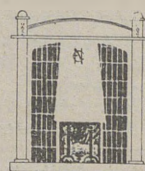
Miss Lina Johnson was at home Wednesday to a party of guests invited in honor of Miss Fairchild. Indeed, the day was so full of social events that one scarcely had leisure to remember that it was raining and not the pleasantest time in the world to be trotting about from one function to another. Mrs. Dwight Whiting gave a luncheon at the Hotel Leighton, entertaining Mes. Joseph H. Johnson, Alfred Solano, Henry T. Lee, George J. Denis, J. W. McKinley and Willoughby Rodman. Mrs. H. G. Cates gave a reception from 3 to 5, at the home of her mother, Mrs. John D. Bicknell, and had receiving with her Mes. E. S. Spence, Walter J. Trask, J. S. Chapman, W. F. Botsford, J. W. Hendrick, J. W. Hinton, J. W. Hutchinson, F. O. Johnson, Moya Stephens, A. B. McCutchen, Carrie O. Laux, Sumpter Zombro, and the Misses Anna and Mary Chapman, Bessie Hinton, Lila Jordan and Edith Furrey. Mrs. Bicknell, of course, was a member of the receiving party.

Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., retired, is among distinguished guests now being entertained at the Angelus Hotel.

ANASTASIA.

MANTELS

We Make Mantels
to Order



SPECIAL

DESIGNS

The Finest Line of Tiles on
the Pacific Coast

Carl Enos Nash

716-18 S. Spring St.

Where Are They?

The William Baylys of Chester Place left this week for a European tour.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Fellows will be at home at the Hinman after March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Drake of 2633 Hoover street left this week for Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Stimson have moved to their new home, 823 Kensington Road.

Miss Virginia Walsh has returned from the East and is at home at 405 South Alvarado street.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Williams sailed last Sunday from San Francisco for a month's visit in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wartelle of 651 Fairview avenue have moved to their new home on Alvarado street.

Mrs. Frances Trego Montgomery of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. Morrison of 1844 St. Andrews Place.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Stivers of 1115 Arapahoe street are entertaining Mrs. E. J. Stivers of New York.

Mrs. George Law Smith of San Francisco has been the guest of Mrs. W. W. Stilson of 812 Kensington Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, jr., move this week to their new home at the corner of Sixteenth and Hill streets.

Mrs. W. F. Barber of 1330 South Union avenue is entertaining her niece, Mrs. W. J. Chichester, and Miss Katharine Chichester.

Mrs. Hannah M. Barber and Miss Frances Mitchell Barber have moved to 1448 Albany street. Mrs. Sabina D. Burks is staying with Mrs. Barber.

Mrs. C. S. McKinney of 1534 West Sixteenth street is entertaining her brother, Mr. John R. Preston, and Mrs. Preston of Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. Benjamin Goodwin of San Francisco, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Flack of 121 West Twenty-second street, has taken apartments at the Hinman.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Crouch have taken apartments at the Lankershim for the winter, where they will be joined later by their daughters, Mrs. Martin Chase of Riverside and Mrs. L. S. Tainter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark returned this week from New York. Mrs. Ross Clark and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee received last Wednesday and will also be at home next Wednesday, the 22nd inst.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

526-528 Trust Building
Second and Spring

Home Tel. 5825

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Newberry have moved to the Lankershim.

Mrs. M. V. Shelby and Miss Annie Blanche Shelby have returned to 1644 Ingraham street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara were visiting friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stein of Hollywood are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. M. Voorsanger of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Lowman and Miss Sheda Lowman have taken apartments at the Hotel Lankershim.

Mrs. J. L. Cutler of 2806 Dalton avenue is entertaining Mrs. F. W. Hedgeland and Mrs. Lamp of Chicago.

Mrs. H. Jacoby and Miss Etta Jacoby have returned from a prolonged visit in the East. Mrs. H. Hugo Brandeis of Omaha also arrived here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Brainerd of 4900 Pasadena avenue have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harriman and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dodge of New York.

Mrs. Leland Norton of Sunset Boulevard is entertaining Miss Madeline Giles of Chicago. Next month, Miss Gertrude Estabrooks, the flower painter, and her mother, will be Mrs. Norton's guests.

Receptions, Etc.

February 11.—Mrs. W. M. Van Dyke, 222 West Adams street; card party for Miss Irene Bangs, of Oakland.

February 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Leonard, 2108 South Union avenue; chafing dish party.

February 11.—Masters Wilfred McKinley, Harold J. Harrell, George Caswell and William Gibbon; children's dancing party at Kramer's.

February 11.—Mrs. John H. Norton; dance at the Country Club for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 11.—The Misses Burdette and Ora Wilson and Miss Alma Bradley; Valentine party at Christopher's for the Students' Musical Club.

February 13.—Phi Rho Sigma medical fraternity; mid-winter dance at Kramer's.

February 14.—Mrs. J. P. Salyer, Adams and San Pedro street; for Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.

February 14.—Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mrs. Arthur Braly; dance at Kramer's Hall.

February 14.—Mrs. Paul de Blumenthal; reception and tea at the home of Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, South Pasadena.

February 14.—Miss Bess Filbert and Miss Vernie Everett, 2511 Romeo street; masquerade dancing party.

February 14.—Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, 1139 West Eighth street; luncheon and cards for Miss Genevieve Smith, Mrs. Belle V. Tusey, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Mary Foster, of Boston.

February 14.—Mrs. Henry B. Lacey, 690 South Burlington avenue; Valentine luncheon.

February 15.—Mrs. Frank R. Liddell, 4665 Pasadena avenue; tea for Mrs. Caroline Barnett of Indiana.

February 15.—Mrs. A. P. Fleming, Hotel Westlake; luncheon for Wednesday Drive Whist Club.

February 15.—Mrs. Horace G. Cates, 1113 Orange street.

February 15.—Miss Lena Johnson, 734 Coronado street; tea for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 15.—Mr. and Mrs. William H. Workman, 357 Boyle avenue; for Five Hundred Club.

February 15.—Mrs. Dwight Whiting, Hotel Leighton; luncheon and musical.

February 15.—Mrs. Marian Welsh, 748 Garland avenue; for Harmony Whist Club.

February 16.—Mrs. L. Kleinberger, 1026 South Bonnie Brae; at home.

February 16.—Miss Grace Fuller, 1614 South Grand avenue; for E. O. T. Club.

February 16.—Mrs. W. G. Nevin, 700 Garland avenue; luncheon.

February 16.—Mrs. J. W. McKinley, 508 West Adams street; luncheon at California Club.

February 16.—The Misses Anna and Mary Chapman, 203 North Soto; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 17.—Harvard School students; dance at Cumnock Hall.

February 17.—Charity Ball at Hotel Green, Pasadena.

February 17.—Mrs. F. W. Braun, 15 Chester Place; luncheon for Mrs. L. N. Brunswig.

February 17.—Mrs. Van Leer Dronillard and Miss Ruth Jowett, 2678 Menlo avenue; card party.

February 17.—Mrs. L. Otis Shaw, 1344 South Grand avenue; for Bohemian Whist Club.

February 17.—Mrs. Charles Dick and Miss Sada Johnson, 947 South Hope street; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

Anastasia's Date Book

February 18.—Mrs. Homer Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; for Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin.

February 18.—Mrs. George A. Caswell, Mrs. Rea Smith, Miss Caswell, 865 West Twenty-third street; reception.

February 19.—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barnett, 1343 South Flower street; silver wedding reception.

February 22.—Ocean Park Country Club; Valley Forge party.

February 21.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; card party for Mrs. Thomas M. Spofford, of Kansas City.

February 22.—Co. F. 7th Reg., N. G. C.; Washington Anniversary Ball at Armory Hall.

February 22.—Vassar Club of Southern California; luncheon at Woman's Club House.

February 22.—Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.; excursion to Riverside.

February 27.—Mid-Winter Assembly; dance at Kramer's.

Recent Weddings

February 14.—Oliver White to Miss Mabel Booth, at 1940 Magnolia avenue.

February 14.—Luther Kurtz Row to Miss Florence Alma Whitmore, of Pasadena.

Approaching Weddings

February 22.—John G. Mott to Miss Lila Fairchild at the Woman's Clubhouse.

March 7.—John Colburn Graves to Miss Mary Josephine Strait at St. John's.

Engagements.

I. S. Levett to Miss Bessie Gordon.



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also please notice that the cork is "NOT TIED WITH A STRING"

Do not accept substitutes!



De Longpre's Roses

Paul de Longpre has opened his annual exhibit at his beautiful Hollywood home, which will be open to visitors from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily till April 15. The exhibit, which consists of his newest paintings and studies of flowers from his own gardens in oils and water colors, should prove a great attraction to tourists and to all lovers of the beautiful. This year's display consists of 130 flower pieces, and the artist believes it is the most beautiful exhibition he has ever been able to show. The above illustration is from one of De Longpre's most successful studies of American Beauties.

On the Stage and Off

"Puzzling" is the only word which adequately describes the reception accorded to "Marta of the Lowlands" at the Mason on Monday evening. The audience was small, but its measure of appreciation was large and its applause vociferous. Yet "Marta of the Lowlands" is a morbid, grewsome thing, a melodrama of the "Stab meh! Stab meh!" order that we would expect to appeal to a "ten, twent', thirt'" house. That a respectable handful of well-bred, well-fed, well-educated people would see anything except the absurd in the play, is beyond human explanation. The situations are strained and impossible. Pathos is lost in bathos. The exploitation of an infant prodigy is the only excuse for the play, if excuse were necessary. Florence Roberts is no worse and no better and her hysterics are familiar and overdrawn. Melbourne MacDowell is just what might have been anticipated—a beefy exemplar of animality. The natural inclination to laugh at the play is only hushed by amazement that an audience of "our best people" found pleasure in the performance. To me the presentation of "Marta of the Lowlands" is but an added proof that Ollie Morosco knows his business; he probably understood better than any man that the Burbankers want a better grade of melodrama; a play in which the element of possibility enters.

Willie Collier—I can no more rise to his William than I could write Nathaniel Goodwin—opened a brief engagement at the Mason last night in Richard Harding Davis's "The Dictator." A mirthful evening had been anticipated and was thoroughly realized. Collier stands in the very front rank of America's comedians and has at last, after a series of unsuccessful trials, found a play suited to his talent. "The Dictator" is quite the best bit of dramatic work that Mr. Davis has yet done.

Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Woman in the Case," produced in New York with Blanche Walsh in the leading role, deals with suspicion of murder directed at an innocent man, and the ruse his wife adopts to clear him. Julian Rolfe is accused by a chorus girl of killing a friend, who had been found dead under circumstances indicating murder. Color is lent to the suspicion by the facts that the friend had been engaged to marry the chorus girl, who is of doubtful character, that Rolfe had been trying to persuade him not to marry her, and also that, prior to his marriage three months previous, Rolfe had written love letters to the girl. The wife turns detective, takes rooms in the very questionable house where the chorus girl is a tenant, pretends to be of her own kind, becomes her boon companion, and at last wheedles from her the confession, overheard by concealed witnesses, that her lover had committed suicide. The critics are divided as to the merits of Mr. Fitch's latest work. The Evening Post says that the play "has all the ingredients of a moving melodrama, and that the author has mixed them with the deftness born of long experience." It praises the first two acts, but says that the third act, where, in a drinking bout, the wife wrests the chorus girl's secret from her, "there is no pretense of artistic restraint, of veracity, of probability. Theoretically,

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HAPPY JACK GARDNER, Singing Comedian.
NEWELL & NIBLO with Saxophone, Xylophone and Violin.
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Last Week with another great Sketch, CRESSY & DAYNE in "Bill Biffin's Baby."

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"Sowing the Wind"

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"On the Quiet"

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TONIGHT!

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Week Starting Tomorrow (Sunday Afternoon)
Matinee Saturday also.

The Burbank Stock Company in

William Gill's Powerful American Drama

"Paul Revere"

Matinees every Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c, No Higher.
Evening Prices 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

NOTICE:—March 3rd, look out for the big benefit performance to be given by the Theatrical Managers Association in this city at the Mason.

the interest should be centered in the terrific conflict between wife and wanton for the imperiled life; actually, the scene is surrendered to details of feminine drunkenness, inexpressibly repugnant to refined taste, but ever a source of gratification to the heedless and uninstructed crowd."

The principals of the Savage Opera Company have been selected by Mr. Savage in a determined endeavor to find the best; but all have had one requirement, the mastery of our own tongue. It is this lack of ability along the lines of other languages that alone has prevented Joseph Sheehan, the leading tenor of Savage's forces, from joining the ranks of the singers at the Metropolitan and Covent Garden. Sheehan, it is claimed, has had no equal as a dramatic tenor since Tamagno, and New York and Chicago critics last year united in saying that nowhere in the world could his "Othello" be equalled. Sheehan knows only English—and has absolutely refused to learn enough French or Italian to sing in those languages. Hence, he is an impossibility so far as Mr. Conried is concerned, though the latter has personally solicited him on the matter. Marion Ivell has been hailed as the greatest "Carmen" in the world save Calve, and next season she is to make her debut at the Paris Opera Comique. William Wegener, who will open the Savage season here in the title role of "Lohengrin," was previous to his removal to America the most noted German tenor resident in Berlin. Reginald Roberts, who has rejoined the company this year, carried off all the honors two weeks ago in New Orleans, and was the idol of the French people there for the pure lyric beauty of his tenor tones. The orchestra numbers forty-five, and is directed by Elliott Schenck, Wagnerian conductor, and Victor Emanuel, leader of opera performances belonging to the Latin school.

The production by Miss Virginia Calhoun of her own dramatization of Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful story of old California of the Mission days, "Ramona," at the Mason Opera House on the evenings of February 27, 28 and March 1, is anticipated with much interest. Miss Calhoun is a native of Los Angeles, but has already won distinction in her profession in England and New York, where she starred under the management of Daniel Frohman. She is a sister of Eleanor Calhoun, a favorite on the London stage. Miss Calhoun has hosts of friends in this city who are interested in her present ambitious effort. The El Camino Real Association is the principal patron of the forthcoming enterprise and the various local organizations are doing all in their power to make "Ramona" a big success. A special company has been engaged and is now rehearsing. The scenery is being painted here, and the costumes, the Spanish dances and songs will be correct in every detail. Senora Manuela Garcia is superintending this end of the production; Arthur Farwell, the recognized authority on Indian music, has arranged the incidental music. Fitzgerald Murphy, the well-known dramatist, formerly a resident of this city, is attending to the business end of the enterprise. With this combination Miss Calhoun is fortunate, and at present every indication points to the probability that the production of "Ramona" will be a memorable event in the theatrical and artistic history of Los Angeles.

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Mason. Please remember that the overture to "Lohengrin" will commence Monday evening at 8 o'clock sharp, when Savage's English Grand Opera Company commences what promises to be a most memorable engagement. Eight of the greatest master-works are to be presented, with singers, costumes and scenic appurtenances that may be equalled but not excelled in the theaters of any city in either the United States or Europe. The Savage company—laying press agent's adulation aside and subjecting it to the severest test—has won laurels for itself during the last few seasons that have made it famous wherever music is the language of the heart.

Morosco's Burbank. The thrilling story of "Paul Revere," treasured in the heart of every American, is the subject of an intensely interesting drama to be presented by the Morosco Stock Company for the first time on Sunday. The management promises a thoroughly worthy production.

Belasco's. Sidney Grundy's admirable play "Sowing the Wind" gives way next week to that delicious piece of clever fooling, made famous by Willie Collier, "On the Quiet."

Orpheum. "Quigley Brothers, Conversationalists Par Excellence," is the way the headline for next week reads on the bills. Robert Hodge and his company of comedians promise laughs for everyone in the amusing skit, "Troubles of Bill Blithers," Bachelor." Jack Gardner, christened "Happy" by a large circle of admirers, should sing his way into favor with bright parodies. Newell and Niblo will also be newcomers, with a musical act in which it is promised noise is secondary to tone; they play the saxophone, xylophone and violin. For their third week Will Cressy and Miss Blanche Dayne will revive one of their greatest successes of former visits, "Bill Biffin's Baby."

Grand. "A Jolly American Tramp" is the bill next week, "a heart to heart story, with irresistible comedy and specialties galore."

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, will be heard here the latter part of next month.

Peje Storek will give a piano recital of Swedish and Norwegian composers in Dobinson Hall, March 23.

Mason Opera House

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Wednesday Matinee, Feb. 22, TANNHAUSER

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 22, CARMEN

Thursday Evening, Feb. 23, TOSCA

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NOTICE.—FRIDAY, MARCH 3, Monster Theatrical Benefit at the Mason.

In the Musical World

Reclining luxuriously on a forty-cent kitchen chair in the four-dollar section of a four-thousand-dollar house I fairly gaped in sheer amaze and abase at the astounding spectacle of a presumably musical and cultured audience falling into fits and spasms of ecstasy over the Melba voice and the Melba art.

The vaudevillian philosopher is quite right. "There are some things which cannot be explained"—and chief among ten thousand of these may be accounted the Melba prominence.

Melba never had a really beautiful voice. This as flat-footed as you will. Beauty of a certain kind there was, it is true—the beauty of the pulseless flute, the clarity of the innocuous diapason. But of what earthly use to the human voice are the amiable qualities unless supplemented by the infinitely greater gifts of luscious tonal quality, an ever-per-vading vibrant ping, dramatic intensity, touching emotionalism and the divine touch of nature which brings the soul of the artist into communion with the souls of all humanity?

To these things Melba has ever been a stranger, and today she knows no more of them than did she at that eventful moment in the Antipodes when her good father discovered the future prima donna tucked away in his own family circle.

Let us go a little further, and confess that even the native clarity has gone the Parisian route, and in its place there stands revealed a hard, brittle, metallic tone—a tone that should set us all wondering at the crass idiocy of this fetish worship of the palatal god—the crass idiocy of the French school which will run a good fundamental idea into stark, staring madness; the crass idiocy of the people who permit themselves to be led by the nose into accepting it, approving it, liking it.

Having said so much it were well to particularize a little. Melba's voice has not the faintest vestige of thrill—and, without thrill, it might as well be turned out of an Edison phonograph. There is extreme paucity of range; in fact, there is, strictly speaking, no upper voice at all; and in the rare case of attempted higher climax the resulting sprawled white tone is characterless and ineffective.

The diva's share in the program may be dismissed in short order. The inevitable mad scene from Lucia was totally devoid of any dramatic fervor, the puerile Donizetti measures serving mainly to display Mr. North's pretty flute tone. The graceful little Tosti Serenata, so well known and so excellently sung by innumerable lesser-known lights, was simply butchered out of all semblance to its naive and simple style. The Arditi Waltz, trick stuff of the customary Arditi type, was turned off in excellent time and with an entire absence of tonal beauty. The height of indifferentism was reached, however, when the renowned vocalist, in response to an extremely uncalled for triple recall, seated herself at the piano and evolved a perfunctory metronomic and none too correct version of Tosti's suave "Mattinata"—a interpretation which no one of our young local favorites would care to mother.

The real star of the company is easily little Ada Sassoli, the harpist. This young girl is evidently a musician, and she plays the harp just about as easily

and as fluently as Miss Davies plays the piano—from which instrument the harp differs in about every way that it is possible to differ.

I hardly think any such harp work has ever been heard here—and it is precious little that one needs to hear of the ordinary type, for the tinkle-tinkle of a harp solo soon wearies. But, then, most harpists play pretty much after the customary amateur banjo fashion—a few easy chords and a few easy arpeggios in one key, a few barber-shop harmonies thrown in for good weight, and the thing is done.

But harp playing of the Sassoli type is as far removed from this as the poles are asunder. Technique of this order is on an entirely different plane, and it can only be attained by an unusually gifted being, and that after an infinity of practice to which the ordinary harpist is a complete stranger. The rapid tonal transitions achieved by this young artist (through the double-action mechanism, of course), and the high degree of charm and intrinsic beauty with which the works are invested, are a positive delight to those who appreciate the musicianship and spontaneity which must be back of all such finished work.

I do wish, however, that harpists would learn that their instrument shows to far greater advantage in combination than when left to itself. It is especially beautiful with organ and piano, and even more delightful still with a well-balanced quartet or octet of brass. It is a puzzle to me that directors do not rise to the sensuous possibilities in these and other combinations.

Ellison Van Hoose at least has not gulped the Marchesi microphone, for he displayed a tenor voice of extremely lovely quality and ample range, a voice which showed the closest approximation to the Edward Lloyd type of any I have heard in this country, a voice which was displayed to very satisfying advantage in Verdi's "Celeste Aida." Mr. Van Hoose, however, was far from his evident standard in the Faure duet "Le Crucifix" with Mr. Gilibert, the curiously common effect of being eternally on the "verge of the prejudice" (as dear old Mrs. Malaprop says) being in uncomfortable evidence throughout. But there is small blame to the duettists if they were disgusted at having to act as an out-voluntary in consequence of the inane insistency of the Melba admirers.

There was a magnificent house and the greater portion of the audience was plainly pleased with the very things that it should have passed by in frosty silence.

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My young friend, Mr. Johnson, of the Times, was about the only one of the daily paper critics who managed to hit the Createore nail square on the head.

Createore has large claims on critical appreciation, undoubtedly. First of all, he has a fine membership—capable men, playing on the whole capably and with unerring accuracy. Createore is himself perfectly at home—knowing his work according to his lights and abundantly able to draw from his players the results which he deems the topmost peak of the bandmaster's mountain.

But it is precisely from these topmost peaks—the climaxes—that Createore falls, falls, indeed, neck and crop into the Sousa vortex of unbridled, ungovernable noise.

The reason is clear enough—Createore's band is bottom-heavy—his tutti ensemble is gorged to death with brass. As a natural consequence, his fortissimo is simply unblended cacophony—and, as I have constantly insisted, without blend and balance there is no music.

Ferullo runs no such risks (nor did Chiafferelli, for that matter), because the Ellery band is in admirable balance, and in the most passionate climaxes the blend stands unimpaired because the balance is undisturbed. As a result, Ferullo gets into your marrow and holds possession almost to satiety where Createore repels and repulses.

Comparisons between the two bands are as inevitable as they are vain. There is no comparison—can be none. Createore has a fine personnel—wrongly ordained. Ferullo has the ensemble and is himself greater than Createore. And on that my young friend Mr. Johnson may confidently stand pat.

I could not hear the Dolmetschs, and, hence, am not able to join in the general chorus of praise which for once has ascended from the critical choir. It does my heart good to see the young pay such respect to the aged and more or less infirm. I refer, of course, to the instruments.

Who does not remember pretty little Jessie Padgham Passmore, cheery, piquant and altogether charming? I saw her in town with her mother the other day, and could not see that she had either aged a day or lost a whit of her good looks. She tells me they are living in Long Beach and that she is teaching singing there.

Jessie Padgham had a lovely voice in the good old days—the while she was no Melba—and she should be quite capable of point out the way to others. Long Beach might well take heed.

This from the Musical Courier: "Mr. Ellis plays the piano in a nice, blonde sort of way, but the wish of his life is to be a famous composer." Now, what do you think of that? A nice, blonde sort of way!

I have for some not altogether explicable reason followed the critical notices of the Savage English Grand Opera Company with a high degree of interest, and have yet to find a single report falling below blood-heat temperature.

Not alone the principal singers, but the chorus, the orchestra and the magnificence of the productions invariably draw forth the most enthusiastic encomiums. And, amid the unstinted general praise

for the leading artists, sweet little Jean Lane Brooks seems to be chief capturer by reason of her purity of voice and graceful acting. Her Michaela in "Carmen" appears to appeal irresistibly wherever seen and heard.

Next week will be a golden week indeed at the Mason, and nothing short of season tickets should satisfy.

The Washington Symphony Orchestra, Reginald De Koven conductor, has had to disband. The assigned reason is that they have no concert hall in Washington (alle samee Los Angeles), the theaters are not available on week days, and the good clergy frown down the Sunday afternoon performances.

The hair-splitting business is very peculiar. At numberless churches the music is the chief attraction, openly advertised and highly paid. But call it a "service," and take in the shekels in the form of a "collection," and it is all right. But pay fifty or sixty struggling musicians a paltry pittance for the reverent presentation of the great classics to a devout band of music lovers—and the Sabbath is being desecrated! O slush, and a couple of fudges!

Sober old London Punch has a jolly good cut and a by no means bad joke—seeing that it rubs up sharply against some nine-tenths of our average music tinkers.

Mr. Brown, the ebullitive 'cellist of Our Amateur Orchestra, is grinding away for dear life when the Rector-Director cries appealingly, "Oh, piano! P-i-a-n-o-!" And Mr. Brown replies, with appropriate emphasis, "Piano be blowed! I'm here to enjoy myself!"

Yer bet yer! Piano be blowed, every time, and all the time. Let her go, Gallagher! We're here to enjoy ourselves.

Comparisons between Melba and Gadski were, of course, rife after the concert of Tuesday. The force of absurdity could surely no further go. One may contrast (and that very forcibly)—but compare? Nonsense.

Let me put it in a nutshell. Gadski has every great and glorious gift save one. Melba has the one wraith of a sometime pretty voice and is wanting in all else.

Is it not possible that we can learn as a community to be more discriminating in our estimates of real ability, more sensible in our applause, more punctual in our coming, more sweetly reasonable in our insistence on encores, more quiet in our ways when performances are nearing a close? And can we not sometimes think a little of those behind us when we throw our finery over the back of our seat? I nursed the greater part of a lady's wrap on my hat on Tuesday. It was a very nice wrap—but it wasn't mine, and I had no use for it.

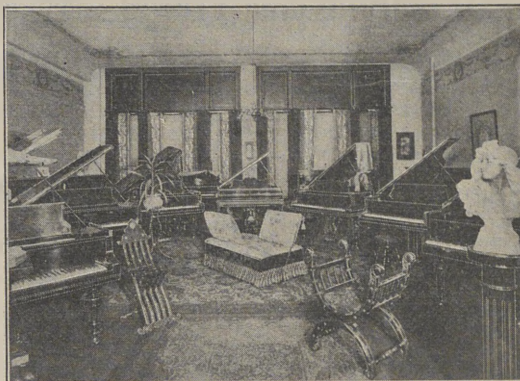
FREDERICK STEVENSON.

The fifth concert of the Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Mason Opera House March 10, instead of March 3, as previously announced.

The date of the "Elijah" to be given by the Los Angeles Choral Society is March 23 at the Simpson Auditorium. Max and Julia Heinrich, Mrs. Catherine Collette and Joseph Dupuy will be the soloists.

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The United States National Bank has just been organized in the city, and will open its doors in March in the old quarters of the Farmers's and Merchants's National Bank. The latter will move into its new building, corner of Main and Fourth streets, some time next month, and when it vacates the United States National Bank will take possession. The new bank has been capitalized at \$200,000, with a surplus of \$50,000, all paid up. The board of directors that has been chosen is composed of I. W. Hellman of San Francisco, O. M. Souden of Whittier, J. A. Graves, M. A. Newmark, Dr. J. H. Bullard and R. H. Lacy. Officers: President, I. W. Hellman; vice-president, O. M. Souden; cashier, E. J. Vawter, Jr., formerly cashier of the Main Street Savings Bank.

The California Bank and Trust Company has incorporated. Directors: Frank M. Kelsey, Donald Barker, W. P. Jeffries, C. C. Thom, W. A. Bowen, Frank C. Hill, E. K. Potter, Frank Buren, E. S. Lovett of Los Angeles. Capital stock \$250,000, all paid in. The bank will open April 1 at Sixth and Spring streets.

Financial

Hugh F. Stewart, who has ably filled the position of assistant general passenger agent of the Huntington lines operated by the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Interurban Railway companies, has resigned to go into the banking business. He is a stockholder in the Mercantile Trust and Banking Company, that has recently opened up a handsome place of business at the corner of Broadway and Mercantile Place. Stewart will be actively connected with the business management.

Robert and Willis M. Eason have sold their stock in the Union Savings Bank of Pasadena to H. I. Stuart, who has been cashier of the First National Bank of Pasadena. Seventeen years ago Mr. Stuart started working for the First National Bank as cashier, but previously worked up from the position of messenger boy. The Union Savings Bank was established ten years ago by the Easons, father and son, with a capital of \$25,000, which has since been increased to \$100,000. It is rumored that the money involved in the transaction was close to \$150,000.

W. B. Ames, formerly of Portland, now of San Francisco, is in Los Angeles looking over the field for a new savings bank, which he says, if it is established, will be capitalized at \$200,000. It is his intention to make it particularly a fraternal institution, and it is supposed local fraternities are interested in the project.

One of the matters before the board of trade of Hollywood is to take care of storm waters. Public sentiment seems to be in favor of a bond issue.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Oxnard Home Telephone Co. will be held April 11 at the offices of the company in the Currier building, to take into consideration the creating of a bonded indebtedness for \$50,000, bearing 5 per cent interest.

The city board of education of Los Angeles adopted a report which recommends the voting by the people for \$780,000 bonds for school purposes. The plan calls for the construction of 10 new rooms. The estimate for grammar and primary schools is \$480,000, for polytechnic, also the high school, \$260,000, and for parental school \$40,000. A resolution covering the features desired by the board will be prepared and made public as soon as necessary legal steps can be taken.

The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York has purchased a large block of Los Angeles city bonds of the water bond issue of 1901. The bank bought the bonds of Farson, Leach & Co., the original purchasers. The amount of money invested by the bank is \$300,000. They will be held by the bank until maturity. The last of the bonds purchased by the bank will not mature until 1925.

At a meeting of the city council of Bisbee, Ariz., a resolution was introduced providing for investigation of the feasibility of issuing bonds for sewer system, either by the city or granting a franchise to some corporation. In case of municipal ownership of the sewer system it would require a bond issue of \$100,000.

The matter of a sewer system is being agitated at Oxnard and the preliminary survey for proposed survey is now being made. The plant is to issue bonds

in the sum of \$100,000. Action will probably be taken as soon as the engineer has completed his work.

The city council of Tucson, Ariz., has rendered a report on a bond issue for the city as follows, amounting to \$250,000, with recommendations that immediate steps be taken towards procuring such an issue, to run fifty years from date of issuance. Said improvements to consist of increasing water supply by new pumping plants, extensions of water mains, reservoirs, erection of suitable fire department building, oiling streets, improvements of parks, construction and equipment of new city hall and jail, the establishment of an adequate initial fund for rapid grading of streets and laying of sewers.

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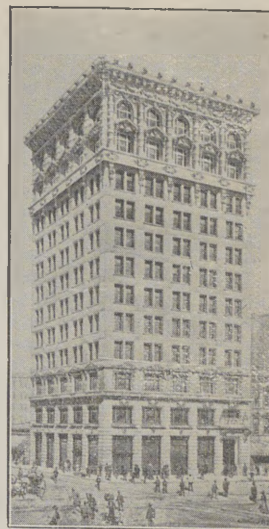
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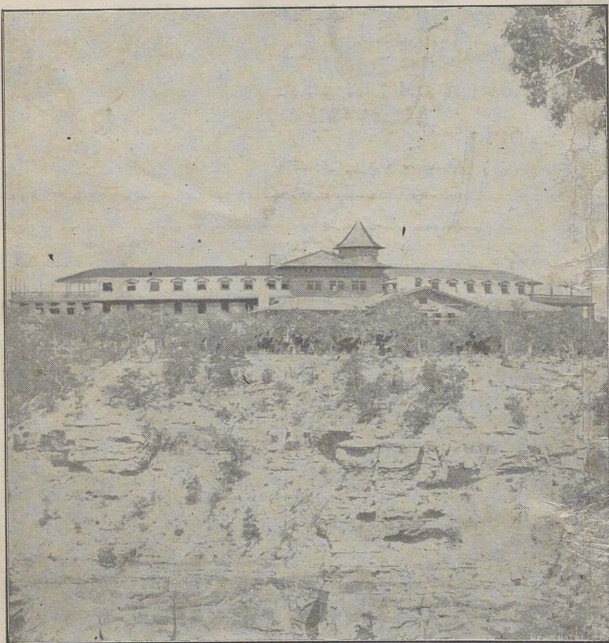
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